THE LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE

CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

No. 23.—Vol. II. Saturday, June 7, 1845. {Price 1d. or, Stamped, 2d.

THE LIFE OF BROTHER MARTIN OF JESUS CRUCIFIED,

OF THE ORDER OF THE PASSIONISTS,

Who died in the year of our Lord 1823.

Our good God is so sincerely desirious of our sanctification, that he spares no pains in assisting us to attain it. For this he endowed us with reason, which enables us to understand the good we are to undertake, and the evil which we must avoid. He has moreover given us his holy law, and intimated to us that we must accomplish his will in all things. But knowing that man would be more easily moved to perform good works, if he had a *model* by which to regulate his actions, than by a simple direction, he would make himself like to us, taking flesh, and so becoming our example, thus seeming to say: "Be like unto me, even as I am like unto you." (Gal. iv. 12.) We, have however, most unreasonably answered, that his example was too sublime, and too far above our reach. In consideration of this foolish objection he proposes to us other men formed on the same mould as ourselves, and liable to the same passions, that, seeing the heroic actions these men have performed in spite of human frailty, we may take courage to imitate them. To this it would seem that we could make no reply. Nevertheless our cowardice in good, and our propensity to evil, still furnish us with pretexts for opposition. In reading the lives of the saints we sometimes say, these men were led by extraordinary ways, (long fasts, excessive penance and mortification) which exceeds human strength; besides many of their actions are incompatible with my state of life or with the observance of our rule. Under these disguises we frequently endeavour to hide our laziness and negligence. But thanks to our Lord, he does not fail to propose to us other examples, in the imitation of which our sloth can find no apparent obstacle. God has been pleased to give to our religious congregation examples of virtue which each one may imitate. One of these was brother Martin of Jesus crucified, whose life I have undertaken to write. Nothing extraordinary appeared in the life of this young man, nothing incompatible with human weakness. While he lived in the congregation he did nothing more than observe perfectly the rule which we profess, without ever seeking anything else; and by this means he became the best model upon which we could form our own conduct. This, beloved brethren, is the model I propose to you for the regulation of your life; in him all may find matter of edification and of imitation, but especially you, young beginners, will learn from him what your conduct should be during your studies. It is for your spiritual profit that I have undertaken the present work. I have it much at heart that you should receive early impressions of the true spirit of our congregation, since upon you its hopes are principally founded. I feel sure that if you attentively peruse all that our good brother did, and at the same time strive to imitate him, you will become subjects of consolation and joy to the said congregation. Receive therefore this life, and endeavour to draw profit from the labour of an unworthy brother and servant, who most sincerely loves and desires your welfare, and at the same time begs you to remember him in your prayers.

The native place of this young man was a small town called San Martino subject to the illustrious house of Doria, situated about 5 miles from the town of Viterbo. His parents, Vincent Spolverini and Mary Moretti, were persons possessed but of small fortune, but greatly fearing God. He was the second of their numerous family, and was born in the year 1800. In baptism he received the name of James, and so we shall call him until he enters the congregation. His parents began very early to instil into his mind sentiments of christian piety, and such maxims as alone can form the manners of a true follower of Jesus Christ. Indeed they had not much trouble in the attainment of this desired end, for already their little son appeared to be one of those who might say with the wise man "Sortitus sum animam bonam," being naturally much inclined to piety; so that even in his first years, (which by the greater part of children, are past in trifling amusements,) all his delight was to make altars and other pious things, which as St. Gregory the Great says, are preludes to a holy life, and indicative of a divine vocation to the ecclesiastical state. Scarcely had the light of reason dawned upon young James, than divine grace insinuated itself into his heart, and taught him to know by what enemies our souls are beseiged; therefore this child, reflecting that in coming into this world we enter a field of battle, began the fight in good time, attending to the mortification of himself and his passions;

accustoming himself thus early to the subjection of the flesh by fasts and other penances proportioned to his age. He was also most obedient to his parents, and was never heard to utter an unbecoming word towards them.

His father, delighted with the angelical deportment of his son, in hopes of his success, began to think of his commencing his studies; and taking advantage of the favourable opportunity then offered to the youth of San Martino, of being instructed both in piety and learning, under the superintendance of the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine, who had established a college in the town, placed him at it; and he soon became, (from the testimony of one of those fathers,) an example to the other children. No improper word ever escaped his lips. The devotions for which, at this tender age, he seemed to have the greatest attraction, were those of the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and those to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Accustomed to the contemplation of Jesus Crucified, and inflaming his heart at the sight of so much love, it is not surprising that so young, he should have led a life edifying, mortified, and penitent; and that he should have been a pattern to all in the practice of virtue.

To the Mother of God he was tenderly devoted, loving her as his mother, honouring her and continually offering her the tribute of his respect. Nor can it be doubted but this Mother of Mercy already looked upon him as her beloved child, and preserved him from the dangers of offending God, which surrounded him, particularly in those unhappy years of universal agitation. Scarcely had James learned the first rudiments when so violent a tempest was raised, that it threatened to undermine everything if possible, divine, as well as human; the good brothers were driven from San Martino, and poor James could no longer enjoy the advantages of their instruction either in piety or letters. His father seeing that he could not continue his studies, thought of making him learn some trade which would keep him from idleness, and at the same time be a relief to their large family. He therefore sent him to Viterbo and apprenticed him to a tailor, a good Catholic. The life he led at Viterbo was so edifying that his master and his wife could only say of this young man that he was another Saint Aloysius: they gave the following report of him. "He was of a lively and playful disposition, but at the same time humble and obedient, and never made use of the least unbecoming language, nor betrayed any ill-humour when reprimanded respecting his work. As Dominico Fontarini, (which was the name of the tailor,) worked with him in the evening, he used to repeat passages of scripture, and anecdotes from the saints' lives to him, which gave the youth so much pleasure that he always encouraged him to continue them. While working one night with Fontarini he spoke thus. 'We do nothing in this world but offend God.' 'But you are so young,' replied Fontarini, 'how can you offend God?' 'Oh greatly!' he answered, 'I promise God never to offend him, nevertheless I do so continually.'" They moreover relate of him, that residing in the house of Dominico Costa, one morning the wife of Costa going into his room, and finding the bed yet unmade, prepared to make it, when she discovered a small piece of cord with a quantity of pins fastened to it: she immediately guessed to what purpose he applied it, and showed it to her husband, who desired her to leave all just as she found it, and to take no notice to the youth. He returned to dinner, and happened to cast his eyes towards the room where he slept, and seeing his bed, he remembered the discipline he had left there. He changed colour, sighed, and struck his head with his hand. On being questioned as to what had happened, he could give no information. From this instance Fontarini and Costa, both discovered, not only the mortification and humility of the youth, but how much he feared lest pride and vanity should rob him of the fruit of his actions.

[*To be continued.*]

COMMUNE APOSTOLORUM.

Let heaven resound with praises high
And earth with joyous melody,
While the apostles' glorious fame
We in our hallowed song proclaim.

Lights of the world, who are to come
As judges at the day of doom,
Do ye our suppliant voices hear,
And list to this our earnest prayer.

To whom the wond'rous keys were given
To close and ope the gates of heaven,
Loosen the sinner's galling chain,
Free pardon of our sins obtain.

To whom disease's motley crowd,
Death, and hell's fiends were prostrate bowed;
For us exert your healing power,
Our erring souls to grace restore.

That at the last and fearful day
When Christ shall come with majesty,
Spotless and pure we may arise
Co-heirs with you of heavenly joys.

To God the Father, with the Son
And Holy Spirit, three in one,
Let highest praise and glory be
Now, and through all eternity. *Amen.*

M.

S. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi would willingly exercise herself in all the most laborious duties of her convent; and the more mean and unpleasant they were, the more pleasure she took in them, and did them with the greater cheerfulness.—The same also was the humble method of the angelical saint Aloysius Gonzaga.—What also have not many great men done, in order to escape being raised to illustrious dignities, more especially those belonging to the church, from a profound feeling of their own unworthiness, and an awful sense of the high responsibility attached to such offices?

TESTIMONY OF THOSE OUT OF THE CHURCH.

No. I.

In these days of religious commotion, when the partition wall of separation between Catholicism and Protestantism begins to shake, it may be of service to both sides to see how the "good men and true" of the established church have clearly admitted the disputed points of our creed; one admitting one point, another, another; so that in the long run, we shall be able to adduce the advocacy of our separated brethren, even for all and every one of the dogmas of our belief. We may bring forwards nothing but what has perhaps been adduced before in a fragmentary form, but we will endeavour to gather up the fragments, and classify, and condense, and reduce them to a more ready and serviceable compass, always giving the Protestant testimony verbatim, and specifying chapter and verse. If we err in the least tittle, it shall be at all events involuntarily. Our first topic shall be, that the Bible alone cannot be the sole Rule of Faith.

Protestant Testimony that the Bible cannot be the sole Rule of Faith.

1. *Dr. Whitaker.* Controv. 1. Ques. 4. c. 1. says: "When Bellarmine states the question thus, viz. whether the scriptures are in themselves so clear, and so plain, as without any interpretation to decide controversies of faith, he fights without any adversary, for in *this* we agree with him."

2. *Hooker.* Eccles Polity. p. 116. says: "The scripture could not teach us the things of God, unless we did credit men, who have taught us, that the words of scripture did signify those things."

3. *Lord Bolingbroke.* Letter 5. p. 179. says: "Writers of the Roman religion have attempted to show, that the text of holy writ is on many accounts insufficient to be the *sole* criterion of orthodoxy. I apprehend too, that they *have shown it.* Sure I am, that experience from the first promulgation of christianity to this hour shows *abundantly,* with how much ease and success, the most opposite, the most extravagant, nay, the most impious opinions, and the most contradictory faiths may be founded on the same text, and plausibly defended by the same authority."

4. *Selden.* Discourses p. 7, 8. "Scrutamini Scripturas (or search of the scriptures). These two words have undone the world; because Christ spake it to his disciples, therefore we must all, men, women, and children, read and interpret the Scripture. The text serves only to guess by; we must satisfy ourselves fully out of the authors that lived about those times."

5. *Chillingworth.* Safe Way. c. 2. No. 159. Line 9. says: "The books of scripture are not so much of the being of Christian doctrine, as requisite to the well-being thereof. Men may be saved without believing the scripture to be the word of God, much more without believing it to be a rule and perfect rule of faith."

Again c. 2. No. 33. line 7: "If men did believe the doctrine contained in scripture, it would no way hinder their salvation *not to know* whether there were *any* scripture or no. Yea, though they *rejected* the books of scripture proposed to them by *all the rest* of the church, I do not doubt, but they might be *saved,* God requiring of us under pain of damnation *only* to believe the verities therein contained, *not* the divine authority of the books wherein they are contained."

Again, c. 1. p. 55. Sec. 8. 1 Edit: "When protestants affirm against Papists, that Scripture is a *perfect rule* of faith; their meaning is not that, by *scripture all things* can be proved, which are to be believed; for it can never be proved by *scripture* that there is a God, or, that the book called scripture is the word of God:" for, as he says a little before, "nothing is proved true by being said, or written in a book, but only by tradition, a thing credible of itself."

How all this from Chillingworth can be reconciled with his other declarations, such as that the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants; or with Bishop Watson's boast, that "it is the unalienable privilege of every protestant to judge and believe as he pleases," it is not our business to decide.

6. *Dr. Marsh.* Compar. View. p. 61. says: "No one will deny that Jesus Christ laid the foundation of his Church by *preaching*: nor can we deny that the *unwritten word* was the first Rule of Christianity."

7. *Bishop Walton.* Prolegom to Polyglot. c. 5. says: "The word of God does not consist in mere letters, whether written or printed, but in the true sense of it; which no one can better interpret than the true church, to which Christ committed this sacred pledge."

Further passages might be produced, but for brevity's sake we refrain, merely observing, that we cannot be surprised that a writer of no small eminence should have expressed himself on this subject in such sarcastic language. Nightingale in his Portraiture of the Catholic Religion has the following remarks on the Bible as the sole rule of faith. "The Bible! the Bible only is the religion of Protestants!" exclaims good William Chillingworth. "Very true," says the judicious Hooker, in his Ecclesiastical Polity; "but then you must submit to receive the Bible from the hand of the Church-of-England men."—"Certainly, the Bible, by all means," adds the learned Margaret Professor; "yet the Bible is nothing without the Book of Common Prayer."—"Nay, nay, the Bible is not the thing you want, unless you discover in it all the great and precious truths contained in the Assembly's Catechism, and can submit to the wholesome discipline of the Directory," replies the pious and sober Presbyterian. "No, no, no," says the zealous Methodist, "it is the Bible collated with Mr. Wesley's Sermons, and Mr. Fletcher's Checks, that is the religion of Protestants."—"And thou mayest read the Bible, and the Checks likewise, till dooms-day, friend, to no purpose, unless thou hast the light of the spirit," adds the modest Quaker. "A truce with your Spirit!" exclaims the Swedenborgian, "why don't you read the works of the highly illuminated Baron, wherein are answered all questions, be they high as heaven, or deep as hell!"—"You are all right and all wrong," rejoins the Rev. Dr. Sturges, prebendary of Winchester, provided the magistrate chooses to say so; for it is his province to decide which shall be the National Religion." Portraiture p. 132.

From the evidence above adduced, it is sufficiently clear that the true Rule of Faith is as laid down by the Catholic church, viz. The whole Word of God, unwritten as well as written, subject to the interpretation of the Church.

IN FESTO DEDICATIONIS ECCLESIÆ.

O Heavenly Jerusalem,
City of peace and joy,
Who builded up of living stones
Towerest above the sky;
Angelic hosts on every side
Attend thee, as a queenly bride.

The Father's splendour, happy Spouse!
Is given for thy dower—
Thou sittest the radiant Queen of Heaven,
Crowned with thy Bridegroom's power;
Wedded to Christ, the Prince divine,
Fair city! how thy glories shine!

Glowing with gold and orient pearl
Thy gates lie open wide,
Hither aloft by virtue's path
Those faithful ones are led,
Who for the love of Christ's dear name
Have borne affliction's purging flame.

Wrought by the workman's master hand,
Thy stones are polished bright;
Jasper, beryl, and sardonyx,
Blaze in the golden light,
Together knit by cunning tools
On thy resplendent pinnacles.

May worthy praise and honour due
Be given to God most High,
Who with the Son and Spirit reigns
In equal Deity,
To whom be glory, power and might
Ascribed through ages infinite.

ST. MARY'S PRIORY.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

CHAPTER V.

"If thou wouldst reap in love
First sow in holy fear;
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year."

Christian Year.

When Ethel returned to Mrs. Walton's, she found a quiet party in the drawing room. Mrs. Walton was asleep in an arm chair by the fire, and her daughter and niece were reading at the table. Ethel's entrance roused Mrs. Walton, who rung for tea, and seemed glad of something to enliven her. "Come here and warm your poor frozen self my dear," she said. "Well, what sort of a sermon have you had?"—"The best I have ever heard," said Ethel smiling. "Indeed," said Agatha; "who preached?"—"I have not been to St. George's," said Ethel. "Then where did you go?" asked Mrs. Walton. "You had better not inquire," said Ethel: "to a very dreadful place."—"O dear, dear!" cried Mrs. Walton, "she's been to St. Peter's I do believe." Ethel assented by bending her head. "Now really, Ethel Harding, that is too bad!" Mrs. Walton said in a tone of displeasure. "I thought you were old enough to be trusted; I did not think you would have deceived me in this way."—"I have not deceived you," said Ethel; "I never thought of going to St. Peter's till I got to St. George's, and found it was too late to go in there. And I never *promised* not to go to St. Peter's."—"But you knew my horror of popery."—"But, dear Mamma," Agatha interposed, "you took us all to St. Peter's last week."—"Not in service time," said her mother; "I looked upon that as no more than going to see any other sight. Not for worlds would I be present at any of their idolatrous services, or suffer you to be." During this speech Ethel left the room to take off her bonnet, and the grey-headed butler brought in the urn. Miss Trevor, rather anxious at the turn the conversation was taking, discreetly interposed, and soon set Mrs. Walton talking on another subject.

That night between twelve and one o'clock, Ethel was finishing a long letter to Mrs. Raymond, when to her surprise the door opened gently, and Agatha entered in her dressing gown. "I knew you were up," she said in an under tone, "for I heard you put coal on the fire half an hour ago. Finish your letter; I will sit here till it is done." But Ethel had already laid aside her pen. "My dear Agatha, what is the matter?" she said, "you must have been crying for hours."—"Ever since Mamma went to sleep," said Agatha. "Oh Ethel, I am so wretched, what to do I cannot think! I have confided my secret to Mary, but she does not know how to advise me. I have had hardly any sleep for many nights, and just now I felt quite distracted, which made me get up and come to you."—"But my dear Agatha, why don't you ask your Mamma to advise you. She is so indulgent, and there is no friend like a mother who has never let one out of her sight from one's cradle."—"Oh that is it!" said Agatha, bursting afresh into tears. "I cannot tell her—it would, I know it would, kill her!"—"Oh no! Agatha," said Ethel cheerfully, "people are not so easily killed as you fancy. But I am puzzled to think what your dreadful secret can be."—"Ethel," Agatha whispered, "I have been a Roman Catholic in my heart for many months, and I am beginning to think that I cannot stay in the church of England much longer without risking my salvation!" And poor Agatha hid her face in her hands. There was a pause. Ethel felt the responsibility of her position too much to speak. "Are *you* shocked?" said Agatha at last. "I have sometimes fancied you were nearly as far gone as myself."—"What could make you think so?" said Ethel. "Why I have heard you say you hated Cranmer as much as Luther, and I saw 'the Garden of the Soul' on your dressing table one day."—"That is very slight evidence," said Ethel; "but, my dear Agatha, are not you afraid that your Mamma will waken and miss you?"—"Oh no!" sighed Agatha; "she is a very sound sleeper."—"But indeed it is very wrong for you to be up so late," said Ethel. "I will not talk to you to-night: I must think over what you have told me, and we will speak of it in the morning." Agatha had relieved her mind by confiding her trouble to Ethel, of whose understanding she had a high opinion, and she was soon persuaded to return to bed. This unexpected piece of news, joined to her own difficulties, cost Ethel a sleepless night. Long before the day had dawned, she rose and finished her letter. She knew mass was said at St. Peter's at seven, and she waited impatiently for the sound of the lodging-house servant taking down the shutters, and then descended and went to St. Peter's. After service she went to put her letter in the office. She got home a full half hour before the nominal breakfast hour, and hearing from the maid that she had only just called the ladies, Ethel felt sure that she should have an hour at her disposal before any one would appear in the breakfast-room. She felt restless, and disinclined to employ herself; and thinking that this would be a good opportunity to pay a visit to the Catholic book shop, she went out again. Ethel was soon absorbed in the pleasant occupation of making acquaintance with one delightful little book after another, most of them published at so low a price as to enable her to carry away several for a few shillings. Whilst she was intent upon a sixpenny life of St. Aloysius, a lady and gentleman entered the shop, whose well-known voices caused her to look up, and in an instant they had shaken hands with expressions of mutual pleasure and surprise. The gentleman was about thirty, evidently a military man; the lady nearly ten years younger, and very pretty. She was an officer's daughter, and her family was intimate with colonel Harding's family. She had been married about five months to the gentleman who was with her. He was an officer, whose regiment had been stationed in the same place as Colonel Harding's for the last twelve-month. Captain O'Brien expressed the satisfaction he felt at meeting Ethel in the last place he should have expected to find her, with a warmth that was

quite in character with a slight tinge of Irish accent. Ethel blushed, and felt she was in an awkward position; but she avoided the indirect question, by asking how long they had been at Workingham, and where they were staying. Mrs. O'Brien answered, that their regiment had been ordered to —— a month ago, and that Captain O'Brien had just got a week's leave to enable him to see his sister, Mrs. Clonbrony, with whom they were now staying. "And in what part of this great work-shop are you to be found, Miss Ethel?" asked Captain O'Brien; "when we called to take leave your Mamma told us you were in Devonshire, and going to pay a visit to your uncle at Bath."—"Oh! I left Wilbury in October," said Ethel, "eight weeks ago—you must have misunderstood Mamma."—"Ah! now I remember," said captain O'Brien, "it was your brother who told me you were at Wilbury court."—"Very likely," replied Ethel, "Frederick never takes the trouble to remember where I am, and I am afraid I return the compliment."—"But are you actually staying in Workingham?" asked Mrs. O'Brien, "and may we call upon you?"—'I am sure I shall feel it very kind of you to do so," said Ethel, "I am staying with friends who are in lodgings here for the winter, No. —, —— St. And now I must make haste back to be in time for breakfast," she added, extending her hand. Ethel was anxious to avoid farther questions as to the cause of her buying Catholic books. Captain and Mrs. O'Brien perceived this, and forbore to press the subject, though the former being a zealous Catholic, and his wife a recent convert, they were naturally anxious to know whether Ethel was in the right road. Captain O'Brien had seen less of Ethel than of her sisters, but she had made a strong impression on his memory. As she walked homewards, she revolved in her mind this chance encounter, and at last came to the conclusion that it was providentially appointed to smoothe her difficulties. She remembered that her sister Emma had written her a letter full of lamentations at her friend Fanny's melancholy determination to abjure her faith, for the sake of a match she had set her heart on; and a few weeks after, a description of the wedding, which Emma consented to be present at, though she refused to officiate as bridesmaid, from her horror of popery. All this had passed from Ethel's mind, till the sight of the hero and heroine of the tale brought it back. Before Ethel reached home, she had made up her mind to tell all to the O'Briens, and beg them to introduce her to a priest at once. She felt puzzled what to say to Agatha, and afraid to tell Mrs. Walton; so she resolved to go to Mrs. Clonbrony's directly after breakfast, and get advice before speaking a word to her friends on the subject. Her heart ached as she looked at Agatha's pale-worn face, and saw her make her breakfast on a cup of tea, but she felt it would be an act of treachery towards Mrs. Walton to advise Agatha to take the only step which can bring relief to a soul, pining to be safe within the Ark of the church. At breakfast she related her meeting, and all agreed it was very curious, and Mrs. Walton quite enjoyed the adventure. Ethel made her escape directly after breakfast, and went straight to Mrs. Clonbrony's.

Now we have two singular coincidences to relate, which we will premise by reminding the reader that biography, or many persons' every day experience, is so full of such coincidences as to have given rise to the adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction." Miss Grey, the lady who had remarked Ethel the night before, was staying at the convent at ——, and had been spending the day at Mrs. Clonbrony's in order to attend the services at St. Peter's. Mrs. Clonbrony was a widow, and had lost her two little girls by typhus fever the preceding year. Her only remaining child was at —— College, which induced Mrs. Clonbrony to settle at Workingham, and her anxiety to be near St. Peter's made her take a house in the heart of the town, instead of towards the end, which is reckoned the best neighbourhood. Her daughter's governess remained with her as companion. This young lady was a convert, chiefly through Miss Grey's instrumentality, who had been her school-fellow and most intimate friend from her girl-hood. On Sunday night Miss Grey had gone to see a poor woman between Vespers and Complin, and was returning alone when she observed Ethel. The second coincidence, was, that Miss Grey had met Adelaide Harding at Paris in the summer, which was the cause of her fancying that Ethel's figure was familiar to her—the two sisters being very much alike in person.

Ethel asked for Mrs. O'Brien, and was shown into the drawing-room, which she found empty and very cold, with a fire only just lit. In less than a minute Mrs. O'Brien ran in, and kissing her affectionately, said, "My good sister charged me not to let you stay a minute in this cold room. We sit in the library in the morning, it is a more comfortable room."—"Oh Fanny!" said Ethel, "can't you go and get a shawl and stay here; I want to speak to you in private."—"Oh! if you have a secret to tell me we shall forget the cold," said Mrs. O'Brien, "I am all attention." Mrs. O'Brien was soon in possession of the state of the case. She burst into tears, embraced Ethel again and again, and uttered many fervent ejaculations of thankfulness. "And now tell me how you think I ought to act," said Ethel. Mrs. O'Brien paused: "I must go and ask Michael," she said, "I dare not advise you myself."—"Stay a moment," said Ethel, "Captain O'Brien would consider himself bound to secresy, would he not? I feel as if I were acting rashly? remember I don't wish to join *yet*. I must have a few weeks to consider of it before taking the irrecoverable step."—"Oh! don't fear, you shall not be hurried," said Mrs. O'Brien as she left the room. The result was, that Ethel was persuaded to go to the library and be introduced to the lady of the house, and after that, was farther persuaded to accept an invitation to dinner, on condition of returning home to ask if there was any engagement, and if it would be agreeable to Mrs. Walton. It was farther agreed on, that Ethel should return to Mrs. Clonbrony's in time to accompany them in their drive, as they were going to call at a house Mrs. O'Brien wished Ethel to see. Ethel was not afraid

of hurting or offending Mrs. Walton by running away from her house so much, for Mrs. Walton was thoroughly good tempered, and free from jealousy of her own dignity. What Ethel feared was, that if she mentioned that all her new friends were Catholics, Mrs. Walton would object so strongly, as to prevent her going; and on the other hand, if she said nothing of their religion, that she should be charged with disingenuousness afterwards. Fortunately for her, Agatha was taking a lesson on the harp when she went in. Ethel called Mrs. Walton out of the room, and mentioned her arrangements. Mrs. Walton said, "Very well, my dear, don't think of us; go and spend the day with Mrs. O'Brien by all means. Dear what a curious rencountre! How very odd you should have stumbled on each other in such a chance way. She is a pretty bride, isn't she? And he's a pleasant man you said, and his sister seems a very kind agreeable person. Pray ask them to come and see you, and dine here, or just what you like." Ethel's heart smote her, though she had not really been guilty of any deception. "My dear Mrs. Walton," she said, "you had better not give me carte-blanche in that way. Do you know, they are Roman Catholics."—"No! you don't say so! Dear me; I am very sorry to hear that. No I can't ask them here in that case. Really it will look very inhospitable. For myself I should not care, but there are others to be considered. Ethel, I don't like your being with them at all. By and bye I shall get blamed for allowing it."—"My dear Mrs. Walton, I am too far gone to be stopped now. I am sure I shall not be able to stay in the Church of England much longer."—"Ethel Harding, are you mad? If you had said that before you came here, I could never have let you be with Agatha," said Mrs. Walton. "I was in hopes your attachment to the Church of England might have been of use to her."—"How of use?" asked Ethel. "Why I am very uneasy about her: I know she has had a hankering after Rome lately, and so has my niece Mary. I found it out a few days before you came to us, just before we left Everleigh. I went into Agatha's room and found them so absorbed in some book, that they did not hear me till I was quite close, and then they started and looked so guilty that I insisted on knowing what book it was. It turned out to be a Romanist work, and Agatha owned that she had bought it when we were in town. I asked her if she had any more, and very reluctantly she avowed she had, and gave them up to me; six, yes no less than six, abominable, blasphemous, and idolatrous works! I could never discover whether Mary Trevor had any leaning that way before she came here, or whether it was entirely reading Agatha's books that unsettled her. However they both promised me to get no more, and they both assured me they had no thoughts of deserting their own church; so I am in hopes the fancy is over; but I own, at times Agatha seems very much depressed, and I am afraid there is a little hankering left."—"She will never be happy till she is a member of the true church," cried Ethel; "poor Agatha, how I pity her!"—"I think her mother is most entitled to pity," said Mrs. Walton; "I should have nothing left but to lie down and die, if Agatha ever were to be so deluded by Satan as to apostatize. May God in his mercy avert so dreadful a fate from both of us! And now, Ethel, I feel more alarmed than ever; you seem to be in a very dangerous state. I never will forgive you, if you encourage Agatha in these notions."—"You may depend I will not influence Agatha," said Ethel, "I am in too undecided and unhappy a state of mind myself to dare advise others. To tell you the whole truth, Agatha began to open her mind to me last night; and I advised her to speak to you, and wished I had not heard it, and to-day I was glad to have an excuse for being out of the house in order to avoid her confiding any thing farther to me or asking my advice."—"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Walton, "how extraordinary all this is! It is quite a monomania this love for Popery. People told me that would be the end of Puseyism, but I never believed it. I wish I had not allowed Agatha to attend that Puseyite chapel in town. When we were staying with the Jervises in the spring, Agatha took a fancy to going every morning at eight o'clock to that horrid place with Emily and James Jervis. That was the beginning of her Puseyism. Well she shall go to it no more, and she shall read no popish books, and I hope to see her more attached to her own church before long. But I am uneasy about you, Ethel. What will your father and mother say to me if I let you go among these Romanists, and you should be persuaded to join them?"—"Oh! never mind that, I am going to see persons who are intimate with my own family. Mrs. O'Brien is Emma's particular friend, and Captain O'Brien used to be incessantly at our house."—"Well, may God protect you from the delusions of Satan and popery, my dear," sighed Mrs. Walton, "for I see you are resolved to walk in a dangerous path."—"May he protect both of us from the delusions of Satan!" said Ethel solemnly; then changing her tone, she added, "And now good bye, and don't expect to see me any more. Of course those cruel Papists will wall me up in some niche, or bury me in an underground vault, at least to prevent my returning to my Protestant friends."

(To be continued.)

"You know, brother," Pope Gregory says to Augustine, "the customs of the church of Rome, in which you have been bred up. But my will is, that whatever practice you may discover which in your opinion will be more acceptable to God, you establish it in the new Church of the Angles, without considering the place of its origin, whether it be the Roman, or Gallican, or any other church. For things are not to be loved on account of the places from which they come, but places are to be loved on account of the good things which they produce. Wherefore, whatever you find in any church, pious, religious, and proper, select it, and bind it up in one body, and deposit it among the Angles, for the customary observance of their church."—*Dr. Lingard's History of the Anglo-Saxon Church.*

MR. MARSTON'S LECTURES ON IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE.

THE third of these interesting lectures was delivered on the evening of Tuesday by Mr. J. Westland Marston, author of the drama of *The Patrician's Daughter*, and also of *Gerald*, and other poems.

In the course of his rapid and concise summary of his previous lectures, Mr. Marston observed that man was with the Greeks the puppet of unseen agencies; his actions, nay his very motives, fore-known and determined; his virtue, as a rule, neither exempting him from suffering, nor sustaining him under it. Christianity supplies the noblest possible materials for dramatic illustration. It asserts the superiority of the soul over all the vicissitudes of fortune; it makes the heart itself the fountain of human anguish and delight; it declares that virtue and peace are inseparable; it identifies misery with sin. It divests of all its venom the shaft that assails the naked breast of virtue, and corrodes, as with an inward canker, the very heart of guilt, though trebly mailed. It sets every thing on the inward state, little on outward experience; it converts the scaffold of its champion into a throne; it degrades the throne of iniquity to the level of the scaffold. It imbues all events and scenes with the colours of the spirit; darkens the very sun to the eye of impiety, and glorifies the very cloud to the eye of faith. To the one it makes existence itself a death; to the other it writes "*Mors janua vitæ*" ("Death the gate of life") on the very tablets of the tomb.—(Applause.) Amongst the greatest changes produced by a drama founded on Christian principles would be the higher perception it would give us of woman's influence, which we have very rarely seen developed in all its essential beauty and purity in our dramatic or imaginative literature generally. The faith of woman, her self-sacrifice for individual objects, we have already seen; but to a great degree we yet wait for the exhibition of her higher qualities, her sympathies with noble and generous purposes; the lofty instinct which detects what is great at a glance, while man arrives at the same result by the colder and slower processes of investigation; the inspiring strength of her tenderness, so often misunderstood, overlooked, or forgotten by man. A nobler morality would show us man still a soldier; still contending with the infidel, but not in a temporal cause nor with carnal weapons; but contending against oppression in its cruelty, ignorance in its blindness, custom in its petrifaction, and still finding in the sympathy of woman the impulse to action and the reward of victory.—(Applause.) He would turn, then, for a few moments to a Christian drama written by a woman—to the *Vivia Perpetua* of Miss Adams. The scene was laid in Carthage, A.D. 204, where a company of the early Christians were proscribed with a hatred which not even the Jews had experienced from their conquerors. Amongst their most bitter persecutors is *Vivius* the father of *Vivia*; partly from his loathing of heretics, —for Christians were then the heretics,—and partly from his restless desire to amuse the crowd with the sports of the amphitheatre. Unhappy man! who knew not that amidst that body which he had resolved to crush was secretly numbered his own *Vivia*, to his affection for whom even his ambition and pride were tributary, and in whose young widowhood he had found a plea for a father's tenderness. The direct action and interest of the drama consist in *Vivia's* struggles between her affection for her father and her child, and the dictates of her conscience. The latter finally gain the ascendancy, and *Vivia*, the high-born, the beautiful and adored, casts in her lot with the despised and persecuted outcasts, to undergo with them the ignominy of trial, and ultimately the penalty of death. Such is the brief outline of a story which in its progress developes situations as striking and sentiments as noble as any that enrich our dramatic literature. The play, although placed in a period far remote, is conceived in the spirit of the present; it abounds in valuable suggestions and indications of the almost unexplored materials which our own times furnish for dramatic illustration. He had selected his first extract to show the exquisite manner in which the incipient struggle is indicated between custom and conscience; between orthodox Paganism, sanctified by time and inlaid with custom, and heterodox and despised Christianity, a faith professed only by the obscure, and proscribed by law; a faith initiated by shame and finished by death. Having read a scene between *Nola*, *Sicilius*, and *Vivia*, Mr. Marston continued:—Vivia's adherence to the Christian faith discovers her; she is accused and brought before the prefect; she has confessed. Young, beautiful, and noble, even her judge entreats her to recant, and is satisfied with proposing to her the simple waving of her hand to the statue of Jupiter, in token of worship. Her father agonized, and disgraced, directs alternately paternal wrath and tears against her resolution; but she maintains her constancy, and she is doomed to die. The scene he was about to quote occurs on the eve of her martyrdom. She is alone in her dungeon; *Vivius* her father comes, impelled by one last convulsive agony of hope—comes to wring her heart and try her spirit. Mr. Marston read this thrilling scene with great power and beauty of expression. It was needless to add, he said, that the heroine abides her doom. *Vivius* departs in frenzy, utterly abjuring her, and swearing that her child should never know his mother's name. In the highest spirit of moral fitness, the author has thrown the burden of her heroine's mental suffering on the commencement of the drama; it is while, in pity to her father, she conceals her faith, that she is most accessible to grief. Her belief once avowed, a holy peace developes itself in her character, which increases in serenity as the storm without gathers and deepens. There is no bitterness, no grief for herself, in the tears she sheds in the presence of *Vivius*. Her death she not only encounters cheerfully; but there is in it the sublimity of a triumph; and the cruelty of Pagan superstition rocks to its base, when the form of the martyred woman falls lifeless on the earth. A bystander declares he abjures paganism, if such are its deeds; and *Sicilius* concludes the whole, "I follow on thy track." Mr. Marston said he would suggest that it was high time that we should banish from the drama the invariable rule that the villain should expiate his crimes by the catastrophe of death. By this rule we vulgarise death—as if the sensation of physical existence were the heaviest penalty attendant upon guilt; we transfer the penal power from the soul to the senses; we make the punishment of crime a mere casualty affecting the body, not an essential principle, interwoven with the very fibres of a corrupt nature. The character of death depends on the life that precedes it: life itself is death to a dead heart, and to conclude every life of sin with a death of punishment, is the tragedy of Newgate, not that of Parnassus.—(Applause.) *Vivia* was not written for the stage. The action is perhaps too much interrupted by the quietude of poetical thought and reflection to qualify it for representation; but who can doubt that the writer has the power to adapt it to the theatre, or to give us another drama that would perfectly satisfy us? Why should a Christian drama be denied to a Christian audience? This is a point deeply worthy of consideration. At the commencement of the drama of Greece, the art of the drama and the religion of the people were identified; but in

the present generation, according to many religious authorities, there is nothing that seems so opposed to the one as the other. Is such a subject, then, too sacred for the stage? He was not an advocate for the introduction of religious doctrines or tenets on the stage, for that would be alien to the principle of the drama, which is to vivify the concrete, and not to embody the abstract. The forgiveness of injuries, the obedience to conscience, the yearnings towards ideal purity, manifested in the life and death of *Vivia*, —are these too sacred for the stage? There are many who, if they do not actually consider imagination and genius to be hostile to religion, yet look upon them as intrusive and presuming qualities. They seem to conceive, that one order of faculties and emotions can only be preserved by the destruction, or at least the subjugation of others; but to him it seemed as if the very existence of the faculty were an irresistible argument for its exercise. The author of our being has been guilty of no surplusage in his endowments. There is no limb, no artery, no nerve, but fulfils its functions; there is no capacity, no sympathy, no feeling but fulfils its functions too. Christianity is not a fraction of feeling, thus restricted, suppressed, or suspended on other constituents of our nature; but a central feeling that radiates through, elevates and vivifies the rest.—(Applause.) Those seemed to him to be unreasonable who would divide pursuits into two classes, the sacred and —what should he say?—the unsacred? A foolish and a baneful distinction. If the love of the All-good, the perception of his infinite love, holiness, and majesty, as expressed in his word, in his works, and in our nature, have rightly touched the heart, we carry the sanctity of this feeling into all events, and into all places; not only into the house of worship, but into the study of art, the study of nature, the pursuits of commerce, into every familiar duty and relation of life;—and he whose heart is not thus touched remains profane, though he sit beneath the very shadow of the altar.—(Applause.)—*Manchester Guardian.*

IRELAND.

Mr. Bernal Osborne stated, during the debate on the Maynooth grant, that since 1800 the following sums had been contributed by the state to different religious bodies in Ireland. The established church had received directly from the state £5,207,546, the protestant dissenters £1,019,647, and the Roman catholics £365,607; while, by the population census, the numbers of the established church were 852,064; dissenters, 664,264; and Roman catholics, 6,427,712. The dissenters and churchmen who are so unwilling to see the Catholic church receive any money from the State, do not seem very active and noisy when their own brethren are benefitted by it. The sticklers for the Voluntary Principle ought long ago to have proclaimed their principles.

FORGIVENESS.

The favourite of a Sultan threw a stone at a poor Dervise, who had requested alms. The insulted Dervise dared not to complain, but carefully searched for, and preserved the pebble, promising himself, he should find an opportunity sooner or later, to throw it in his turn at this imperious and pitiless wretch. Some time after, he was told the favourite was disgraced, and, by order of the sultan, led through the streets on a camel exposed to the insults of the populace. On hearing this, the Dervise ran to fetch his pebble; but after a moment's reflection cast it into a well. "I now perceive," said he, "that we ought never to seek revenge when our enemy is powerful, for then it is imprudent; nor when he is involved in calamity, for then it is mean and cruel."

HELVETIUS AND DIDEROT.

Sir,

I dare say, you would not refuse inserting in your valuable little paper, things even when they come from abroad, provided they are good. I met lately in some French papers an interesting little piece relating to two celebrated French philosophers of the eighteenth century. The piece is not bad; I think it worth preserving.

It appears that the French philosophical set of mortal gods of the eighteenth century, who professed to do so much for their native land, were assembled at supper at the house of Helvetius, one of their members.

A discussion arose between Helvetius and Diderot on the soul —"what is soul?" The conversation extended itself over the whole saloon, and each of the Esprits-Forts was uttering some fine clothed falshood on that subject. At length Helvetius struck the floor with his foot, asking silence; then he shut the room windows, and by his order two candles and a piece of burning coal were brought to him.

Now he blows on the coal and lights one of the candles; he then gives the coal back, saying: "take that god away, for I have here the soul; I have the life of the first man. Now, the fire I use here is everywhere, in stone, in wood, in air; soul is Fire, Fire is Life; and the creation of the world is a Hypothesis much more marvellous than this which I am explaining to you." He then lights the other candle from the first, and continues: "you see my first man gives life to another man without the interference of any God."—"But you do not perceive, observes Diderot, that you are proving the existence of God, whilst you are attempting to deny it. For were I to believe that life is on earth, yet *it was necessary that some one should light the fire;* I think the coal would not have lighted itself."—This is good!

I do not mean to say that Diderot is better than his friend. But how many philosophers like Helvetius contradict themselves and their own opinions when once they are lost in the abyss of their errors!—O strange aberrations of the human mind!

A. B.

The term "Pope" was formerly common to all bishops, but is now confined to the successors of St. Peter; it is of Greek origin, and signifies "Father." The *tiara*, which the Pope wears in his coronation ceremony, resembles somewhat the head-dress of the Chaldeans, which was round, rising in a conical form, and encircled with a crown when worn by monarchs. Boniface VIII. added a second crown, to show the union of the temporal and spiritual powers; and in 1334, Boniface XII. added a third crown, to indicate the paternal power which should be united with those before named. This triple crown, is, in reality, a crown of thorns; for this elevated station demands a reserve and self-abnegation, which its dignity scarcely compensates for. The Pope enjoys no public amusement; he eats always alone, and his table is served in the most simple manner. The morning is entirely spent in the divine service, and the administration of the public affairs; and a visit to a church, or to an hospital, constitutes his only recreation. In a word, the practices of devotion, and the cares of government, fill up all the hours of the Pontiff's life. Are there many men who would submit to such a life, even at the recompense of a throne?—*Baron Geramb.*

THE BEGGAR'S CASTLE;*

A STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, ESQ.

THOSE ruins took my thoughts away
To a far eastern land;
Like camels in a herd, they lay
Upon the dull red sand;
I know not that I ever sate
Within a place so desolate.

Unlike the relics that connect
Our hearts with ancient time,
All moss-besprent, and ivy deck't,
Gracing a lenient clime;
Here all was death and nothing born—
No life but the unfriendly thorn.

"My little guide, whose sunny eyes
And darkly-huid skin,
Witness, in spite of shrouded skies,
Where southern realms begin;
Come, tell me all you've heard and know
About these mighty things laid low."

The Beggar's Castle, wayward name,
Was all these fragments bore;
And wherefore legendary fame
Baptised them thus of yore,
He told the words so sweet and true,
I wish that he could tell it you.

A puissant Seigneur, who in wars
And tournays had renown,
With wealth from prudent ancestors
Sloping unbroken down,
Dwelt in these towns, and held in fee
All the broad lands that eye can see.

He never temper'd to the poor
Misfortune's bitter blast,
And when before his haughty door
Widow and orphan past;
Injurious words and dogs at bay
Were all the welcome that had they.

The monk who toil'd from place to place,
That God might have his dole;
Was met by scorn and foul grimace,
And oaths that pierc'd his soul:
'Twas well for him to flee and pray,
"They know not what they do and say."

One evening, when both plain and wood
Were trackless in the snow,
A Beggar at the portal stood,
Who little seemed to know
That Castle and its evil fame,
As if from distant shores he came.

Like channel'd granite was his front,
His hair was crisped with rime—
He asked admittance, as was wont
In that free-hearted time;
For who would leave to die i' the cold
A lonely man and awful old?

At first his prayer had no reply—
Perchance the wild wind check'd it,
But when it rose into a cry,
No more the inmates reck'd it;
Till where the cheerful fire-light shone,
A voice out-thunder'd—"Wretch! begone."

"There is no path, I have no strength—
What can I do alone?
Grant shelter, or I lay my length,
And perish on the stone;
I crave not much—I should be blest
In kennel or in barn to rest."

"What matters thy vile head to me?
Dare not to touch my door!"
"Alas! and shall I never see,
Home, wife, and children more?"
"If thou art still importunate,
My serfs shall nail thee to the gate."

But when the wrathful Seigneur fac'd
The object of his ire,
The beggar raised his brow debas'd,
And arm'd his eyes with fire:
"Whatever guise is on me now,
I am a mightier Lord than thou!"

"Madman or cheat! announce thy birth:"
"*That* thou wilt know to-morrow."
"Where are thy fiefs?"—"The whole wide Earth."
"And what thy title?"—"Sorrow."
Then opening wide his ragged vest,
He cried—"Thou canst not shun thy guest."

He stamped his foot with fearful din—
With imprecating hand
He struck the door, and past within
Right through the menial band:
"Follow him, seize him—there—and there!"
They only saw the blank night air.

But He was at his work; ere day,
Began the work of doom,
The Lord's one daughter, one bright May,
Fled with a base-born groom;
Bearing about, where'er she came,
The blighting of an ancient name.

His single son, that second self,
Who, when his first should fall,
Would hold his lands and hoarded pelf,
Died in a drunken brawl;—
And now alone amidst his gold
He stood, and *felt* his heart was cold.

Till, like a large and patient sea
Once roused by cruel weather,
Came by the raging Jacquerie,
And swept away together
Him and all his, save that which time
Has hoarded to suggest one rhyme.

* I am indebted for this legend, and part of its conduct, to Jean Reboul, the baker-poet of Nismes, the Burns of modern France.

ST. ANTHOLIN'S;

OR,

OLD CHURCHES AND NEW.

By Francis Paget, M. A.
(BURNS, LONDON.)

(Second Notice.)

On the old church time and the great storm had done their work, and it was necessary to build a new one. The neighbouring gentry would give little or nothing to the parishioners; for if the latter had gone to the expense of some repairs a little earlier, the prevailing opinion was, that the old church would still have been standing. Neither was the prospect of raising sufficient money, at least out of other people's pockets by means of a bazaar, encouraging; they must bear a church-rate after all, and in the meanwhile consider "*how they should build cheap!*" Scantlings gave in an estimate which did not suit the taste of those who desired to build a church for the least possible sum. Churches had been erected in Lancashire at about thirty shillings the sitting, and why should not Tadbrook St. Antholin's be possessed of a church raised at a cost equally low? Mr. Compo the cheap architect is sent for, and in Mrs. Clutterbuck's drawing-room gave his opinions.

"'Permit me, Madam,' said Mr. Compo, affecting a sort of mincing lisp, which he intended should be interesting, but which his harsh gruff voice failing to execute, became an intermediate sound between a grunt and a whine, and changed into the one or the other as he raised or lowered his tone,—'Permit me, Madam, just to run through this portfolio, before I proceed to give my ideas on the subject of Tadbrook Church. A long study of the principles of Gothic architecture, and of Sir Christopher Wren's and Batty Langley's exquisite modifications of it, have taught me that it is quite possible to combine it with all the elegancies of modern refinement, and to introduce it with as much effect and propriety into a snuffer-tray, as into the choir of a cathedral. See this elegant design, for instance,' continued the artist, handing round a drawing,—'that is a Gothic pigeon-house which I built two years ago for a very wealthy banker in Gloucestershire: you will agree with me, I think, that nothing can be more light, airy, appropriate, and at the same time more pure gothic than that pigeon-house. Now do me the favour to look at this,' (showing another sketch) 'what do you take that for?'

"'Another gothic pigeon-house,' said Miss Clutterbuck boldly; 'a companion, probably, to what you have already shown us—and a sweet pretty termination to an avenue the pair would make.'

"'Look again, Ma'am; is there no difference in the base of the two designs?'

"'Oh, yes, I see: the first has a base like any other building: the last has a bottom like a....'

"'Pepper-caster, you would have said,' replied Mr. Compo interrupting: 'and you are quite right, it *is* a pepper-caster in the gothic style. One of the new peers, Lord Mobgrub, did me the honour to commission me to design him a cruet-stand, as his Lordship had no family plate, and I do assure you, ladies, he was enchanted—perfectly enchanted, with this very slight sketch; which, however, I should not have shown (being quite unfinished) had I not wished to exemplify the fact, that any thing and every thing may be gothicized, from a pigeon-house to a pepper-caster;—and successfully,' added Mr. Compo, drawing up his neckcloth, 'in the hands of a person who understands his business.'"

Mr. Compo obtains much business.

"Having pleased the Dissenters, by making their conventicles like churches, he was now reversing the experiment, and making his churches like conventicles.—And, worse than this, he was the active means of instilling those low irreverent notions with respect to the *uses* to which places of worship may be applied that seem to be growing common among us. Here, for an instance, was a sketch of a smart stuccoed chapel, with *wine vaults* beneath it: there was a plan for a church, which was to serve on week-days for a national school. Then there were buildings of every conceivable shape: octagons and horse-shoes, rotundas and ovals, all calling themselves churches; and setting order, decency of arrangement, and primitive custom at defiance. Towers without naves, and naves without chancels—or, on the other hand, two spires stuck on either side of a little thickset nave, or a huge overgrown vestry swallowing up a diminutive chancel.—Then his interiors! it was evident that they were all *preaching* houses—not houses of prayer. As for style—Norman or early English, decorated or perpendicular—were all one to him; he knew as much about one as the other—that is, nothing at all; and though he chattered glibly enough about crockets and finials, corbels and gurgoyles, dripstones and mouldings, he was as ignorant of their application and form at different eras of church building, as if he had lived all his life in China. In short, Mr. Compo was neither more nor less than a professor of cheap modern gothic; and if any reader is doubtful what that is, let him compare the four last built churches in his neighbourhood with the four oldest. I will engage that the investigation will teach him more on this subject than a volume of letter-press.

"'Tower!' exclaimed Selina Clutterbuck; 'are we only to have a tower? can't we have anything like the dear old spire?

"'Quite impossible, Me'm, I assure you, with such limited funds.'

"'Not even a little one?' inquired Caroline. 'Really that tower looks so very low and *dumpy*. Couldn't it be elongated—pulled out a little?'

"'Upon my word, Me'm, that is a very happy thought; I believe we might arrange matters as you suggest: and then to be sure there might be a little spire on the top; something light and airy you know, that would carry a weathercock. There, Me'm, please to look at this amended drawing. At the summit of the tower comes a neat little spire, springing from very handsome battlements—(we can get them ready-made in Dabbaway's patent cement at a very low rate): immediately below the battlements would appear a large belfry window.'

"'Below the window we must have a small circle with a clock face;—(the clock may be got hereafter): and underneath the clock comes the door, enriched with an ogee canopy, and ornamented with crockets and a finial.'

"'Sweetly pretty, indeed,' said Caroline Clutterbuck; 'pray what do you call this style?'

"'Why, Me'm, from its elegant vegetative appearance, it approaches nearest to the florid gothic—I might call it florid gothic improved.'

"'Or gothic run to seed,' replied Mr. Sanderson quietly.

"'Thank you, Sir,—thank you: an admirable name indeed,' replied Mr. Compo, apparently without the least suspicion that Mr. Sanderson was bantering him.'"

The details of the plan begin now to be pretty well understood by patrons and parishioners; for the purpose of warming the church one of Stynx and Kindleflint's fifty-shilling stoves is to be bought, and the smoke carried up one of the cast iron pillars that support the gallery, and so through the roof, where a chimney in the form of a cross is to be raised for the same purpose; "it would look *so* neat, only many persons object to crosses as Popish." But the font had been forgotten.

"'Font!' cried Mr. Compo, when a reference was made to

him on the subject; 'surely, Sir, you would not have had any space lost by the introduction of one of those great, ugly, cumbersome, stone fonts, which you see in the old churches? It would have occupied the room of three or four sittings. Besides, they are things which are obsolete now—quite gone out of fashion.'

"'I crave pardon for my ignorance,' said Mr. Sanderson; 'fonts then are no longer necessary?—I suppose that registration is to supersede the Sacrament of Baptism. In good sooth, the march of intellect is advancing in double quick time.'

"'You have misunderstood me, Sir,' replied the architect: 'I did not mean that Tadbrook should be without a font: but *stone* fonts are expensive articles; and as, of course, it is very desirable to build our churches now-a-days as cheaply as possible, a neat, unexpensive substitute has been devised, which is now generally adopted, and which I proposed as the most economical arrangement for your new edifice.'

"'And pray what is that?' asked Mr. Sanderson.

"'A portable vase of white Wedgwood ware, with a cover to it; which can be set *on* the Communion table when there is a baptism; and *under* it when not wanted.'

"'I am very sorry to hear that anything is being "generally adopted" in our churches which is directly forbidden.

"'But for myself I must beg to decline an earthenware font, and to insist on one of stone; and there will be the less difficulty on this point, as the old font has been found to be very little injured.'

"Mr. Compo's face brightened up at the last piece of intelligence. 'I am very glad to hear it, Sir; a new stone font would be very expensive, and it is quite essential in these days to do these sort of things as cheap as possible.'

"'Why?' asked Mr. Sanderson drily.

"'Because people grudge the expense.'

"'You are an architect, I believe, in considerable practice, and you have, no doubt, the means of judging. But allow me to ask you, do you find people equally grudging of expense when their own houses are to be built?'

"Mr. Compo could hardly forbear smiling at the simplicity (as it appeared to him) of such a question. 'No, no; they are lavish enough where their personal comforts are concerned: but we have all got into the way of speaking and acting, as if anything was good enough for a church.'

"'*Any thing* good enough for a church? *Nothing* is good enough for a church;—nothing too costly—nothing too precious! You look surprised, Mr. Compo,' continued the Rector of Tadbrook, 'at hearing such language. Certainly it is little in accordance with the feelings of the present day; little in accordance with the principles which those feelings have forced you to adopt as a church-builder. But I appeal from both to the Word of God. I find there that the highest of all worship is that which is purely spiritual; I find there that the costliest offerings we can make to God, are all unworthy of Him; we can but give Him of His own. But I find there likewise, that the Most High will, nevertheless, condescend to dwell in temples built with hands; and I find that those who laboured most earnestly to make His temples most worthy (so far as human means will allow) of His presence, by precious gifts and offerings are ever spoken of with commendation. When, therefore, I see a self-indulgent age stinting Him of the honour due to His Name and House—pleading its own poverty, or arguing that the enriching and adorning of churches is unnecessary—I can only listen with sorrow and disgust, to what must be either hypocrisy or self-deception. Upon such grounds I detest the very name of a "cheap church." And believe me, Sir, gentlemen of your profession, could hardly do this country greater service than by positively refusing to aid the schemes by which modern covetousness is continually endeavouring to defraud the Almighty of His own.'"

The church is now built, and a "grand opening" there must be. As a bishop could not be procured, the committee were resolved to do the best they could without one. They would have "a grand selection of sacred music, a grand preacher, and the Duchess of Thetford;" the dear Duchess was so kind and generous, that if they could get her to the opening all the neighbourhood would follow, if it were only to get sight of her, and the thing would be done. The clergyman of the parish, Mr. Sanderson, expected to preach on the occasion.

"'Sir!—preach!—*you!*' exclaimed Mrs. Clutterbuck in amazement: 'Why who ever dreamt of *your* preaching on such an occasion?'

"'Am I an improper person to preach at the opening of my own church?'

"'Clearly, Sir, clearly: the most improper in the world. Such a thing never was heard of;—cannot be thought of for a moment.'

"Mr. Sanderson was, as we have already said, a young man, and therefore felt that he had much to learn—so he modestly asked, 'Why?'

"'Why?—my good Sir, for a hundred reasons; but one will suffice. People can hear you at Tadbrook any day; now what we must have is somebody who can *not* be heard every day—a popular preacher from a distance. People wont come to church without an attraction of that sort, you may rely on it.'

"'I am sorry to hear it, Madam. In what light can the people you speak of look on the prayers?'

"'In the same light that everybody else does, I suppose,' answered Mrs. Clutterbuck hastily; 'as a very proper prelude to the sermon.'

"'The sermon, being of course, the *chief* attraction,' said Mr. Sanderson very gravely.

"Mrs. Clutterbuck blushed and was silent.

"'Well, Madam,' said the Rector, who, besides his own natural modesty, had great unwillingness to thwart any scheme which might benefit his church, 'what course do you propose?'

"'Have you the privilege of knowing Mr. Bellamour—the Rev. Lorenzo Bellamour?'

"'One of the clergy at ——— asked Mr Sanderson, naming a fashionable inland watering-place.

"'Yes; the incumbent of St. Mary's.'

"'I was introduced to him at Snobbington last summer. He was travelling about the country to make speeches for the ——— Society; and he happened to call at Mr. Prynne's while I was there.'

"'Didn't you think him very handsome?'

"'Indeed, I never thought about it.'

"'Ah! you men are so unobservant.'

"'Well—but I remember Mr. Bellamour perfectly—very pink and white, and a profusion of black hair. No, I should not call him handsome.'

"Mrs. Clutterbuck thought the Rector envious, so she forbore further comment on Mr. Bellamour's personal appearance. 'Well, you may think what you will of his exterior—but he is very charming, quite a lady's man.'

"'Yes, yes,' replied Mr. Sanderson laughing; 'nobody has so much love made to them as popular preachers.'

"'Envious again,' thought Mrs. Clutterbuck. 'Well, but seriously,' continued she aloud, 'there is nobody so much admired in the pulpit as Mr. Bellamour; and as I know him very well, I really think I might prevail upon him to preach our sermon.'

"'Well, but seriously,' replied Mr. Sanderson, repeating the lady's words, 'how can I tell whether, if I surrender my pulpit to him, he may not preach doctrines diametrically opposite to those which I should inculcate myself? Such things have happened before now.'

"'Oh, I will engage for that,' answered Mrs. Clutterbuck eagerly."

But a drunken shoemaker spoils all the plans of a grand opening, dinner, &c.; the damp of a new building might be disagreeable to the Duchess of Thetford, and Stynx and Kindleflint's patent fifty-shilling stove was made so hot by Crispin, that the

beams of the gallery were set on fire; a roaring and crackling (that sound which once heard can never be forgotten) are heard, and flames burst through the windows, and soon a heap of glowing ashes was all that remained of Mr. Compo's edifice.

"No sooner had Spring set in, than the churchyard of Tadbrook was once more filled with labourers; and ere Autumn closed, the well-remembered form of the ancient church was seen rising up once more in all its pristine stability and beauty. Neither pains nor cost have been spared in its erection; and now that it is nearly finished, and its beautiful carvings in wood and stone—its storied windows bright with gorgeous hues—its massive Altar and canopied Font, are brought in one view under the spectator's eye, he feels that he has seen for once what a church ought to be; and if he be a true son of the Church, he prays that such once more may be all the churches in the land; meet habitations (so far as human means admit) for the presence of Him who hath promised not to disdain an earthly tabernacle—meet temples for an united people worshipping in spirit and in truth.

"And who was it after all that reared this noble pile—who, that set such an example of Christian bounty, and of the true method of Christian alms-doing—silent, secret, undetected by the world—who, that let not their left hand know what their right hand was doing?

"We have our own opinion; we leave each reader to form one for himself. It is a matter of no consequence. But that which is really a matter of consequence is this—that we ask ourselves how far *we* are habitually acting in the same spirit; how far—amid ten thousand temptations in the present day to forget it—we remember, that the good deed done in secret, is that which is most acceptable to God—how far we rest contented in the promise, that He who seeth in secret, shall Himself reward us openly."

It is related by Cassian of the holy abbot S. Paphnutius, that being the superior of a monastery, and beholding himself much esteemed and honoured by his monks, as well on account of his venerable old age as of his admirable sanctity of life, displeased at this honour, and desiring to be humbled, forgotten and despised, he one night secretly left his monastery, and having put on a secular habit, went to the convent of S. Pacomius which was far distant from his own, and remained for many whole days together prostrate at the gate, earnestly begging to receive the habit from the hands of the monks; but they thought lightly of him, and rebuked him for having lived in all the pleasures of the world until he could enjoy them no longer, and for not having entered into the service of God until he was driven by necessity to find a livelihood in a monastery; but at last, being moved by his earnest entreaties, they gave him the habit, and set him to take care of the garden, giving him one of the monks as his superior, upon whom he was to depend for every thing. On the other hand, the holy man accomplished his task most exactly, and did every thing with the greatest humility; and not content with this, he managed besides to do all that which the others refused to do, even the most irksome and meanest offices of the monastery; and he would rise by night secretly, and perform a great part of the tasks which belonged to the others, at which they were not a little astonished when they rose in the morning, for they knew not who had done so. And this was the tenor of life that S. Paphnutius followed for the space of three years, full content with the good occasion he had to labour and receive humiliations, after which above all things his soul longed. In the meanwhile his own monks, who never ceased to deplore the loss of their holy abbot, had gone in search of him through all the neighbouring deserts of Egypt, sending divers parties in different quarters, but all to no purpose. At last, however, they found him casting manure over the lands of the monastery in which he dwelt, at which they were overjoyed, and threw themselves at his feet. The bystanders, on beholding this, were filled with amazement, which increased on their learning that this humble monk was the great Paphnutius, the odour of whose sanctity had filled all Egypt and the East; they prostrated themselves before him, and right humbly asked his pardon for all the roughness and want of respect with which they had treated him. But the saint wept at his misfortune in having been discovered, which he attributed to the envy of the Devil, who had deprived him of the treasure he had fondly hoped to gain; and full reluctantly, by dint almost of force, he was carried back to his monastery, where his monks received him with unutterable joy, and watched and guarded him with the strictest diligence; so that never more might he forsake his beloved children.

ALCUIN.

"ALCUIN, having obtained the consent of Charlemagne to spend the declining years of his life in his favourite retirement at Tours; he there devoted himself to pious exercises and his usual office of teaching. His diet was spare, his prayers long and frequent; he assisted daily in quality of deacon at a Mass sung by one of his disciples; and on Sundays performed the same office at several successive Masses from daybreak till the celebration of the High Mass in the church. To prepare himself for death, became the great object of his thoughts; and that he might frequently reflect on that hour, he composed his own epitaph, selected a place for his grave without the church, and often visited it, accompanied by his pupils."

See Lingard's History of the Anglo-Saxon Church, Vol. 2nd. p. 211.—

The epitaph above alluded to, we have here attempted to translate from the original Latin for the edification of our readers:

Gentle traveller, I pray thee, pause before my tomb,
Ponder well my legend, thou shalt find therein thy doom;
Even by my history thy fate thou shalt discern,
Even by death's ravages thy own change shalt thou learn.
Whilome an errant pilgrim upon this earth like thee
I once was:—what I now am thy future eke must be
The food of worms, the very dust thou scornest beneath thy feet
Is the body erst so pampered with pleasures all unmeet;
Remember then to place thy thought, thy hope, and care, and love
On the soul which never dying will dwell for aye above;
Why seekest thou for broad domains? this strait and lowly bed
Is all I crave for resting-place, and all that need the dead;
Why dost thou wish for raiment fair? thy cloth of purple hue
Anon shall feed the hungry worm right hideous to the view;
Yea, e'en as threat'ning winds will blight the newly-opened flower,
Thy flesh in all its glory shall perish with thy power.
But, reader, of thy charity this one kind deed I pray,
Beg Jesu's mercy on my soul in His dread Judgment-day,
My tomb let none disturb until the angel's trumpet-sound
Shall waken into being dust and ashes underground.
Arise then, ye entomb'd, and, ye graves, give up your dead,
The Judge draws nigh—uncounted souls obey His summons dread;
Once more I claim thy pity, when these verses thou shalt read,
To Alcuin's soul which learning loved, thy pious prayers concede.

F.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
3 8151 001 26636 7